

EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

MISS ADAIR GOES TO AUTOMOBILING IN STRANGE CAR

Gets Her First Glimpse of the Conviviality of a Wayside Inn, and Meets a Peculiar Couple.

XVII. In all my life I shall never forget the beautiful evening upon which I learnt the true significance of the phrase, "to go out on a party!" I had spent a long and trying day in the office, and when evening came I felt only wanted peace and solitude. But such were not for me that night. True to his word, at 5 o'clock my escort did arrive. His coming was heralded by strange noises, and a loud rattling, bumping sound over the uneven paving of the street. The music of a foghorn such as the White Star liner carried broke the quiet stillness of the evening air. I have never heard a more appalling melody! Behind my windows I saw a curious sight. A large and ancient motorcar, which had a battered, yet withal a strangely rakish air, was making odd endeavors to halt outside the lodging house door. This veritable Noah's Ark gave forth a loud rattling sound the while it tried to turn and twisted. Around the children of the street were congregated, and the driver pulled up sharp, and mop his anxious forehead. "Thank goodness old tub and I are here quite safe!" he murmured fervently. At first I did not recognize this strange chauffeur. Then he dismounted, and I saw my friend! But what a change was there! Gone was the quiet demeanor, gone the unobtrusive air! He and his curious chariot shared the same odd jaunty look. Perhaps I have misjudged him, but it struck me that his clothes were of a loud and noisy cut. The oddest little hat that I have ever seen was perched at a strange angle on his head. Beneath it beamed a very kindly face, its true—perhaps I am too sensitive to outward looks, but oh! I thought the enormous nose he sported in his buttonhole was ill-assorted.



COOL WEATHER NEGLIGEE OF PALE BLUE ALBATROSS

KIMONOS OF SILK AND SOFT WOOLENS NOW VERY POPULAR

Remnants Procurable at Sales That Easily Can Be Made Into Attractive Dressing Gowns.

The kimono, the dressing-gown and the other negligees present a very attractive front to the world at the present writing. The soft silks and soft woolens in the delicate shades are fashioned on slightly different lines, or on the same lines with novelty touches, or occasionally there is real originality. At almost any season of the year remnants of silk are to be purchased for something very close to the proverbial song: lengths of good silk that will measure just about enough for a dressing-gown. Soft woolens, such as challis and albatross, are to be found among the bargains, too, so that a woman eye, of the most limited means usually finds it possible to own at least one of these pretty and becoming garments. The Japanese, when they make kimonos, run them up by hand with great long stitches, so that they can be ripped easily before they are laundered. While it is not necessary to gallop along a seam as they do, it is a mistake to think the firmness of machine stitching is essential, or of very close hand sewing. The effect is just as artistic without the fine sewing, and perhaps even more so. For in sewing, if the inspiration flags, one has an incomplete garment on one's hands, or one that has been finished with so much labor that it is a reminder of tired nerves, rather than something that suggests relaxation and rest. And so, when there is so little expense, and need be so little labor involved, there remains only the model to be selected. The illustrations shown today offer one that would be very easily copied. It is cut on the kimono lines so far as the sleeves are concerned and as far down as the waist line. There a full skirt is attached that could be cut either with gored side seams or straight—according to the fineness or weight of the material used. An embroidered scallop edge sleeves and front. The embroidery is done with heavy silk and the simplest stitches. In place of the dainty collar of linen or lawn, hemstitched or embroidered that has been worn with negligees and kimonos, a bit of fine Valenciennes lace is used. It is fitted at the corners, which makes it of a shape with the rolling collars that are used for blouses and coats.

SANTA CLAUS HEARS CLAMOR FOR TOY GERMAN SOLDIERS

London Laddies Win All Battles in Militant Game. LONDON, Oct. 2.—German soldiers are popular in London—of a certain sort. According to a toy merchant patriotism militates against the sale of all German-made toys, except German toy soldiers, and so great is the demand for these that by Christmas Santa Claus will need the aid of British artisans to manufacture more of these toy Germans, for no more are being imported. The toyman explained the demand for German soldiers by the fact that the English youngsters are anxious to pit them against British toy soldiers, the latter army, of course, always winning. He said: "No lad with any patriotism would call any of his British soldiers Germans, and as it is necessary to have an army of the enemy they are buying German soldiers. Of course, the sale of British soldiers is much greater, for the youthful Britons believe in preponderating numbers to smash the enemy." There is a big movement on foot to have all German-made toys boycotted.

A CLEAR-SEEING EYE

"I love you for all I'm worth," protested the man. "I rather think it's for all I'm worth," replied the girl.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

SCRATCHES.

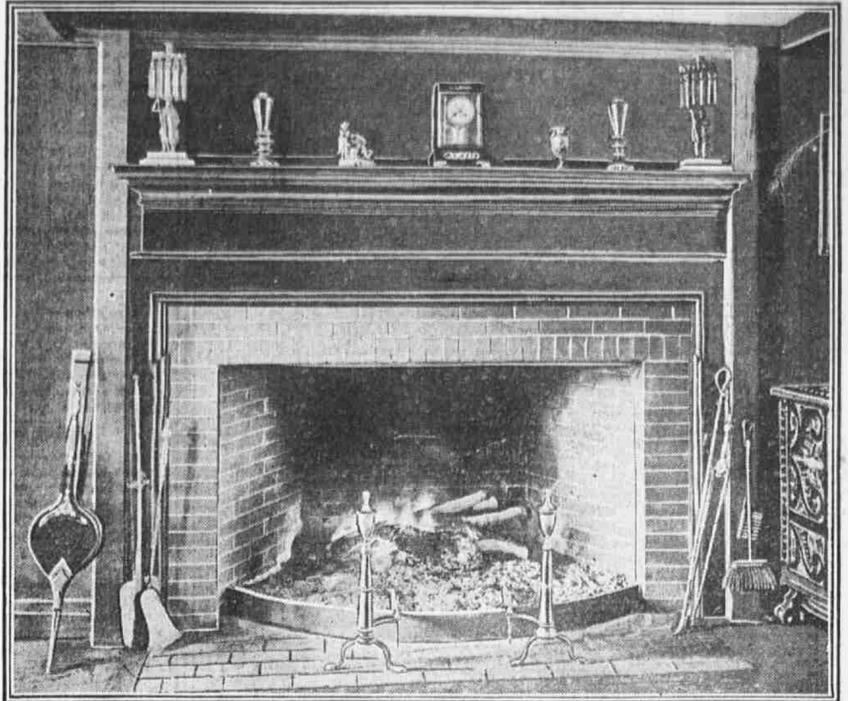
flowers and some half scattered seed pods were all that were left of the once fragrant garden. "What in the world can be the matter?" exclaimed the butterflies in distress. "Something dreadful has happened," cried the sunbeam fairies. "Can't we find some one who can tell us where the flowers are?" asked the butterflies. "Wait a minute," cried a sunbeam fairy, "let me jump down and find the Garden Toad. He lives here and he is wise above all creatures—he will tell us what has happened." So the sunbeam fairy jumped down from the butterfly's back and hunted among the golden glow roots for the old Garden Toad. Finally she found him, half asleep, under some wilted leaves. "Tell me what has happened," she cried, "tell me quickly." "What has happened?" asked the Toad, blinking, "happened where?" "Happened here in the garden," she cried. "Nothing has happened," replied the Toad calmly. "But where are all the flowers?" insisted the fairy, "all the flowers I love so well!" "Oh, those," said the Toad kindly, "the flowers are gone. Winter is coming. There will be no more flowers till spring." "But the sun is warm and I want some flowers," said the fairy. "All right, I'll give you some," said a new voice, the voice of the fairy queen of the garden, who happened just then to pass by. And she waved her wand and changed the nine little butterflies to nine white blossoms on a bush close by. "It's too late for butterflies anyway," she said and she strolled away. And the sunbeam fairies? They played and laughed. And the nine butterfly blossoms? They were happy; for if you're happy, it makes no difference what you are!

I PULLED AT THE TAIL OF THE BIG PUSSY CAT; IT WAS EASY TO SEE THAT HE DIDN'T LIKE THAT. AND I NEVER WILL PLAY ANY MORE WITH OLD PETE, FOR HE HAS SHARP NEEDLES ALL OVER HIS FEET.

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

THE nine little butterflies, with the sunbeam fairies on their backs, started out for a frolic. First they went to a splashing, tumbling fountain. There the sunbeam fairies jumped off the butterflies' backs and played for a while on the water. "This is such fun!" cried a sunbeam fairy as he jumped from one splash of water to another. "Don't you want to come in and play with us?" "No, thank you," replied the nine little butterflies with fluttering politeness. "Water always seems rather damp to us. We'd prefer to play in the sunshine, if you please." So the sunbeam fairies splashed in the water and the butterflies fluttered in the sunshine for a while. Then pretty soon the fairies mounted the butterflies' backs again and away they flew in search of more fun. "Where shall we take you?" asked the leader butterfly after they had drifted about for a while. "I should like to go to a flower garden," said the leader fairy. "I should like to play among the flowers." "All right!" replied the leader butterfly happily, "I like flowers, too; and the garden is the very place we love to go." So they flew over and into the big garden. But what do you suppose they found there? Flowers? Not a single one! Not a red flower! Not a white flower! Not a flower of any kind or color! Two nearly dead sun-

HINTS TOWARD THE HOME BEAUTIFUL



A CHEERFUL CORNER THESE AUTUMN MORNINGS

DELIGHTS OF OPEN FIRE ON CHILL AUTUMN NIGHT

Blazing Logs Give Cheerful Sensation at the Close of Day. The open fire! What a cheerful thought for these chilly autumn nights, and what a delight to sit beside the blazing logs at the close of the day, to watch the glowing embers take on a thousand weird shapes! The owner of the fireplace here pictured knows all of this joy, and knows, too, that in order to see these fire pictures there must be a good bed of ashes in the fireplace. Mrs. Fireplace-owner is usually in despair, for even with the greatest care the ashes spill over on the hearth, and are certainly untidy in the cold light of day—and right here a good suggestion is offered in the picture of an iron strip, which holds the offending ashes in place. A very neat finish is the result, making the wonderful glow that is only possible with ashes a pleasure, with a clean hearth. One can see that the owner of this cheerful fireplace also knows the comfort of the wood box full of logs near at hand. The tongs, brushes, etc., are arranged for use, while the nice old shovels look as if they had done service for said owner's grandfather. You know, of course, that the glowing embers carefully covered with ashes, after many hours can be uncovered, a little fresh wood thrown on, and with a few puffs of the generous bellows near at hand the fire is blazing. The broad lines of this chimney and paneling are particularly good and show that the owner not only knows how to make a fire, but how to build the fireplace.

THE EAGLE EYE

"How is it?" inquired a young bride of an older married friend, "that you always manage to have such delicious beef?" "Very simple," said the older woman. "I first select a good, honest butcher, and then I stand by him."

A CURE FOR HOARSENESS

To restore a voice rendered hoarse by much speaking, eat a piece of anchovy. If there is no cold or fatigue the effect is almost instantaneous.

LAMB AND MUTTON CHEAPER, BUT BEEF AT GREAT ALTITUDE

Vegetables and Fruits Plentiful in Household Market and Prices Not Prohibitive. Dairy Products Costly.

Every provider for the family table is interested in the announcement that lamb and mutton at the present time are the cheapest meats obtainable. Coupled with this comes the welcome news that vegetables are plentiful and as a general thing their prices not prohibitive. Coming as it does when housewives are groping their way through a labyrinth of high prices, and are menaced on all sides by a continual advance in the cost of life's absolute necessities, which one must possess in order to nourish mind and body, the knowledge that lamb, mutton and vegetables are still within the reach of the average man's pocketbook is welcome. Dealers say at the present time the supply of sheep is more than enough to satisfy demands for mutton and lamb. Some of the finest headquarters of a lamb can be purchased in the best markets of the city at from 21 to 22 cents a pound. Forequarters are 15 and 16 cents, while the other prices range—shoulders, 16 cents; necks, 12 cents; breasts, 8 cents; and chops, 25 to 30 cents a pound. A leg of mutton costs 18 cents a pound. Shoulders are from 16 to 12 cents; breasts, 6 cents, and chops 25 to 30 cents a pound.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Almost any vegetables to cook with lamb or mutton are obtainable at fair prices. Fruits are also plentiful and the prices not exorbitant. Various canning fruits are not entirely out of season, and some of the late fall commodities, like cranberries, are now coming in. The prevailing fruit and vegetable prices are:

Table listing prices for various vegetables and fruits, including cabbage, carrots, and apples.

BEEF AND DAIRY PRODUCTS HIGH.

Comparing other meats with lamb and mutton, butchers say beef is still a luxury as far as the ordinary table is concerned. There is apparently no prospect of its price decreasing. Veal and pork prices are stationary.

The prevailing prices of beef are: Round steak, 25 cents a pound; ramp, 20; stew meat, 18 cents. Veal chops cost 25 cents; loins 20 to 22 cents a pound, while shoulders sell at 16 cents. Pork chops are 25 cents; picnic bacon, 22 cents; and lard, 14 cents a pound. Butter is still expensive. Tub butter sells for prices ranging from 32 to 28 cents a pound, while butter in prints ranges from 40 to 42 cents.

THE REASON WHY

The landlady was entertaining some week-end guests not long ago, when they were startled by a commotion downstairs. "Mercy! What's that awful profanity downstairs?" whispered one of the guests in a frightened tone. "Don't be alarmed, my dear," replied the hostess. "It's my husband. He's come in late and fallen over the new Persian rug."

A CYNICAL SAYING

The more rings a woman has on her fingers the oftener her back hair needs adjusting.

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair, and kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet. With murmured blessings over sleeping babes. There is something in their quiet grace that speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoon.

SYMPATHY

The landlady was in a sentimental mood. "This is the anniversary of the death of my poor dear uncle," she sighed. "He was a sea captain, and went down with his ship this day five-and-thirty years ago. I was only a child when he went away, but I remember he gave me a pet lamb as a parting gift." The star border picked up a piece of mutton on his fork and regarded it with mournful interest. "Poor, dear lamb!" he murmured, reproachfully. "And you've killed it at last!"

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed on this page. Such correspondence should be addressed to the Woman's Editor, Evening Ledger.

ACROSS THE COUNTER

To go to a good shop, to closely observe a good hat from every angle of vision and then to reproduce it at half or even a third of the price is not now a difficult feat. There are hats in velvet and plush or, when the vague demands it, in silk, or exactly the same shape as the trimmed hats.

The shapes that predominate this season, such as the canotier, the Scotch bonnet, the turban, the tricorn and the hat turned up on four sides, are all to be bought at a reasonable figure. In plush the canotier is sold in blue, brown, green and prune color for \$2.75. In black velvet the canotier costs \$2.25, \$2.75 and \$3.00. A turban with a flaring brim of irregular shape is sold in black velvet and black plush for \$2.75. In black the skirt, turned up like a tricorn, only that it has four sides instead of three, costs \$3.50.

The top is made of silk and a fine quality of velvet faces the brim. A jaunty, wavy turban of a very good quality of plush is sold at the price of \$2.75.

Turbans of black velvet and black plush covering quite a range of shapes and sizes can be bought for \$2 and \$2.25. They are carefully made and of good material, quite worthy to compete with the trimmed hats in these respects.

Hats of the shapes that are now in vogue ought not to be hard to trim when there is so much in the way of cockades and rosettes, flowers and feathers and metallic braids and ornaments ready to adjust.

A little daring and some discretion are needed to give the hat the dash and "dash" that, perhaps, the small hat demands without running the risk of making too striking or too conspicuous.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT

The American writer, Booth Tarkington, like many of his craft, writes a wretched hand. Once, while on a voyage to Naples, he sat in his deckchair with pen and fountain pen at work on a short story. A young American who was promenading the deck, stopped before him.

"By gosh," he said, "I wish I could write as well as you do." The author smiled, and the man resumed his promenade.

The next time he passed he said again: "Gee, what a hand, if I could only write like that!"

Again Tarkington smiled and the passenger made another round of the deck. Then he said a third time: "If I could only write a hand like yours!"

Nettled a little by the third interruption, the author said: "Well, and what would you do if you could?" "Go to China," replied the young man, "and write labels for tea-boxes."

THE WEAKER SEX

Among those who recently appeared before the magistrate was a big, powerful Irish woman, who preferred against her husband a charge of assault and battery. The accused was so stout that he could hardly stand. It was, therefore, with some doubt that the magistrate surveyed the couple. "Demanded, 'that this man beat you?'" "He did not—but he knocked me down."

"What! You were knocked down by this physical wreck?" "Yes, your honor," said the woman, "but it's only since he struck me that he's been a physical wreck."

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